

6<sup>d</sup>

Grandfire *HAMB DEN*'s

G H O S T.

A N D

P E A C E,

O R,

No Peace.

Two P O E M S.

T O G E T H E R

With a Prefatory A N S W E R,  
to some late Whiggish  
Scurrility, especially, a cer-  
tain Dedication.

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. WOODWARD in *Scalding-Ally,*  
against *Stocks-Market.* 1712.

*19 June.*

—  
A

C  
L

to  
tia  
ha  
w  
in  
C  
m

---

---

*A Prefatory Answer to some  
late Whiggish Scurrility,  
especially, a certain Dedi-  
cation,*

SINCE the over-partial  
Consideration of our  
Church - Adversaries,  
together with the Providen-  
tial Disappointments that  
have baffl'd their Schemes,  
which so evidently tended to  
enslave the Nation under a  
Commonwealth, have fo-  
mented their Despair to such

a Madness, that nothing less than the most pure of Churches, the most excellent of Queens, and the best of Ministries, must be made the daily Subjects of their unjust Reproaches, I am thoroughly convinc'd, after so many Provocations as have industriously been given, and are still repeated, under the Sanction and Encouragement of their Factious Leaders, that too great a Liberty, (provided it be circumscrib'd within the Bounds of Truth) cannot be taken with such Persons who, at this time of Day, when the Nation groans and languishes under such heavy



heavy Burthens, give so odious a Preference to the sweetness and satiety of their own Revenge, as to undermine the Measures the Government have advanc'd upon such just and honourable Grounds, towards the happy recovery of a long abus'd Nation, from the Miseries of War, and the Grindstone Oppressions of an avaritious Faction, who want to reduce the Monarchy to a Dukedom of *Venice*, the Episcopal Jurisdiction to a Fanatical Assembly, and the Common-People to a Wooden-Shoe-State of irretrievable Slavery, that the Atheistical Whigs  
may

may become our Lords, and the rest of the Kingdom Beggars.

• To accomplish which great and Glorious Work, as the Whiggish Faction have been pleas'd to call it, how many sorts of scribbling Advocates have they kept as Hirelings, to delude the People, by false Suggestions, from their lawful Obedience, that they may be ready, upon Occasion, to lend a helping hand to their own Destruction, by pulling away those Props and Stanchions which our wise Ancestors so judiciously have plac'd, to secure the Constitution

tution from falling into Anarchy, which, tho' so ancient, has, God be thank'd, been so timely repair'd, that it will still be able to withstand the Storm that has been conjur'd up by the crafty Cant of *Revolution Principles*,

Besides the degenerate Penmen of our own Country (who, if they can but be admitted to now and then usurp the Chaplain's Seat at the lower end of my Lord's Table, think themselves bound, tho' his Lordship sides with *Lucifer*, to be of his Party) there are other Press Incendiaries, having no  
Title

Title to call themselves *English*, except by vertue of the Act for Naturalization, who are equally industrious to *wash the Blackemore white*, and by borrow'd Prefaces, factious Dedications, and misrepresented Annals, to insinuate to the Publick such abominable Falsities as highly reflect upon the Dignity of the Throne, the Conduct of the Ministry, and the Wisdom of our Senators, to whom this Nation is much more beholding, than to any Parliament that have sate since the beginning of the Revolution.

Nor

Nor indeed are our Pulpits  
 so intirely clear of such  
 preaching *Boutefeus*, who,  
 whilst they are faintly re-  
 commending, in an ambigu-  
 ous manner; Christian Peace  
 and Unity, more strenuou-  
 sly inculcate in the same  
 Sermons, such Pharisaical  
 Doctrines as heighten our  
 Divisions, and whilst they  
 seem to be pouring Oil into  
 the Peoples Wounds, are  
 arming them with Instru-  
 ments to assault their Gover-  
 nours. Nor is any thing  
 more amazing to pious and  
 considerate Men, than that  
 any Orthodox Divine should  
 so far join with the Enemies  
 B of



of the Church, as to cry with them, out of the Prophet *Jeremiah*, *Cursed is he that keepeth his Sword from Blood*, when they know so well that War has always been pronounc'd by the God of Vengeance, as the heaviest Curse that can possibly be inflicted upon a sinful Nation; and therefore, instead of opposing the Blessing of Peace, which Her Majesty, under GOD, is so carefully and seasonably providing for us, they ought to teach the People, to cry with the same Prophet, in another Text, *O thou Sword of the Lord, how long will it be ere thou be quiet?*

put

*put up thy self into thy Scabbard, rest and be still.* For how can they reconcile our secure dependance upon the Blood of our Saviour, with the remorseless Effusions of that our Brethren, in such a War, which, if continued, when we may have Peace upon safe and honourable Terms, will become our Choice, instead of our Necessity, and consequently involve the Nation in the horrible Guilt of that unnecessary Blood which we may now save, by a just and dutiful compliance with the blessed Resolutions of Her Sacred Majesty,

Therefore every Man should be cautious how he is carry'd away by the study'd Eloquence of a Seditious Sermonizer: For a Factious Divine, I mean such a one as steals into the Church by a Whiggish Interest, on purpose to disturb her Peace, and divide her Community, may acquire the Reputation of a good Preacher, and yet be a very ill one: For he may neither want Wit nor Learning, but may be Proud and Disobedient; he may have all the Graces of an Orator but the Spirit of an Incendiary; he may be able to tickle the Ear with an agreeable Tone,

Tone, and to captivate the Understanding by the strength of his Rhetorick, and the Innocence of his Looks, yet, all that while, may be labouring to inculcate such abominable Principles as may be dangerous to Government, and destructive to the Peace and Safety of all humane Society . As an harmonious Singer may have distemper'd Lungs, and at the same Instant that he gratifies the Ear with a melodious Entertainment, may be poysoning our Nostrils with the odious Breath of Infection.

But of all the motly Breed,  
who



who have contributed so largely to our Home-Distractions, none have been so active in widening our Divisions, as those unhappy Gentlemen, whose ignoble Fathers, by their rebellious Sins, have involv'd their Feculent Posterity in the same Guilt, to the Third and Fourth Generation, whose Sons are now spurr'd on by the vain hopes of accomplishing another Revolution, like that of *Cromwel's*, that True Religion, Justice, and Honesty might once more be accounted Antichristian Popery; Hypocrisy and Villany the only Cardinal Vertues,  
and



and Rebellion, above other Sins, the most distinguishing Merit in a good Patriot, then indeed might they sanctify all that's bad with good Names, and make the most Infamous pass for the most Honourable Families.

Among the many Inve-  
ctives lately publish'd against  
the present Ministry, and to  
lessen Her Majesty's Proceed-  
ings towards a happy Peace,  
in the Opinion of Her Sub-  
jects, I happen'd to glance  
upon a certain Dedication to  
a Great Man, wherein I found  
that the most acceptable  
Complement that could be  
pass'd

pass'd upon him, was to affront the Government, which the Historian, I suppose, was well appriz'd of, or he wou'd scarce have ventur'd at so daring a Liberty, lest a severe Reprehension, instead of a Reward, should have prov'd the Recompence of his Labours: Therefore since such Measures are encourag'd by our disgusted Adversaries, in order to impose their Falsities upon the Publick, and Her Majesty's fallen Enemies, are so highly flatter'd, and their Managements extol'd, in prejudice to the Conduct of Her present Ministry, I thought it but Justice, by way of return,

turn, to present our discon-  
 tented Rivals with the fol-  
 lowing Poems, which, unless  
 they had given such notori-  
 ous Provocations, would have  
 never been communicated to  
 the World by that *Jack of*  
*both Sides*, the Press: And as  
 to the Preface stol'n into the  
 same Dedication, (that the  
 Scandal contain'd therein  
 might pass more current un-  
 der an Episcopal Sanction)  
 owning myself unworthy, as  
 well as unqualify'd, to com-  
 ment upon *the ill using his*  
 GLORIOUS INSTRUMENT, *and I*  
*know not what* — I shall  
 therefore presume to borrow  
 the latter part of one Bishop's  
 C Dedi-

Dedication, in Answer to another's Preface, which I desire may be more particularly apply'd to the unspeakable Vertues of his renown'd Deliverer.

‘ But *Jeroboam*, though perhaps he  
 ‘ was freer, and more abstemious from  
 ‘ many other sins, than either *David*  
 ‘ himself, or many other Men were ;  
 ‘ and it may be, a very just moral-  
 ‘ Man ; yet, when he came into his  
 ‘ Kingdom, he wholly neglected to see  
 ‘ the Lords Service truly executed, and  
 ‘ out of a politick conceit, as he con-  
 ‘ ceived, to secure himself and his po-  
 ‘ sterity in his newly gotten Power and  
 ‘ Authority, *he cast out the Priests of*  
 ‘ *the Lord, the sons of Aaron*, that  
 ‘ were the *lawful* Governours, and the  
 ‘ the true servers of God, and gather-  
 ‘ ed together a company of novices and  
 ‘ young



a- young fellows, the *lowest* and basest  
 e- of the people, that *were not of*  
 u- the *Jonnes of Aaron*, and that for  
 k- some small preferment, would both  
 d- say and do, whatsoever he pleased,  
 and serve what God soever he com-  
 manded, and with what service soe-  
 ver he liked, he made them Priests of  
 his *high places*, to offer sacrifices to  
 his golden gods : And therefore is he  
 said *to make Israel to sin*, and God  
 soon rooted him and his posterity out  
 of that kingdom, that God had given  
 unto him.

his ‘ And so he can do with all those  
 see Kings and Monarchs, whatsoever  
 and they be, that by their timorous con-  
 on- niving with Sects, or a popular favou-  
 po- ring either the *greater part*, or the  
 and *stronger side*, do think it the most *po-*  
 s of *litick* course, to be securely establish-  
 that ed, and so suffer the service of God,  
 the to be either neglected, or perverted,  
 mer- and the faithful Governours of his  
 and Church, to be *suppressed*, through  
 ung C 2 ‘ the



' the impetuous importunity of aspi-  
 ' ring emulators, or the clamorous de-  
 ' fire of ignorant vulgars ; whereas the  
 ' *best policy* in the World, to preserve  
 ' them is, to be men of *courage*, to  
 ' uphold the true service of God ; this  
 ' *fortitude* being a Vertue most *necessary*  
 ' both for the *Prince* and the Preacher,  
 ' *quia timiditas eorum, est calamitas*  
 ' *multorum*, because their fear will be-  
 ' come the fall of many ; when the  
 ' one dares not say the truth, and the  
 ' other will not do what is just, or will  
 ' do what is unjust, for very fear  
 ' whereas the upholding of Gods right  
 ' service, is able to uphold them against  
 ' all opponents.

' And therefore, that the true ser-  
 ' vice of God might be preserved, un-  
 ' corrupted, and unchanged, by all  
 ' Kings and Monarchs, which is the  
 ' chiefest thing that God requiréth at  
 ' their hands, and is the principa-  
 ' l thing that can preserve them in their  
 ' Majesty, and perpetuate the same  
 ' unto

' unto their posterity, it is most requi-  
 ' site, they should be very careful in  
 ' the choice of their spiritual teachers  
 ' and guides, to direct them for the  
 ' preservation of the true worship of  
 ' God, for we know the Arian Bishops  
 ' made *Constantius* an Arian Emperor,  
 ' and the Priests of *Baal* made *Ahab*  
 ' and *Jezabell* so zealously affected to  
 ' the service of *Baal*, and so the Po-  
 ' pish Priests make Papists, and the  
 ' *Run-a-gadoes* out of the Church do,  
 ' when they return, make Sects and  
 ' Factions in the Church; and there-  
 ' fore, as it had been good for *Ahab*, if  
 ' he would have hearken'd to *Elias*,  
 ' and *Michaiab*, as he did to the Priests  
 ' of *Baal*, and good for *Constantius*, if  
 ' he had as well favoured the Orthodox,  
 ' as he did the Heterodox, and Arian  
 ' Bishops; so it will be good, and the  
 ' best course to guide all Kings, Mo-  
 ' narchs, and Governours of the peo-  
 ' ple, for the settling of the true ser-  
 ' vice of God, to give ear unto, and  
 ' to

‘ to countenance those, who are ap-  
 ‘ pointed by God, to direct them in  
 ‘ Gods service, rather than to any o-  
 ‘ thers ; for the grave and reverend  
 ‘ Governours of the Church, are like  
 ‘ the discreet Counsellors of King So-  
 ‘ lomon, and will advise them not to  
 ‘ listen, nor to relie so much upon the  
 ‘ directions of any novices, which may  
 ‘ prove like the counsel of those young  
 ‘ favourites of *Rehoboam*.

‘ Thus I have freely express’d my  
 ‘ mind to your Majesty, so plain, that  
 ‘ he which runs may read it, and  
 ‘ reading it may easily understand it ;  
 ‘ and I humbly beseech you to bear  
 ‘ with my plain dealing ; for, tho’  
 ‘ it behoves not us to polupragnatize  
 ‘ in things that are beyond our line,  
 ‘ and without the compass of our cal-  
 ‘ ling, and to intermeddle with the ci-  
 ‘ vil Government ; yet, as *John* the  
 ‘ Baptist told *Herod* of his duty to  
 ‘ God, so it behoveth us, with the  
 ‘ spirit of *Elias*, to inform our Kings  
 ‘ and

‘ and our Governours, how they  
 ‘ should uphold Gods service; or if  
 ‘ we neglect the same, for fear of their  
 ‘ displeasure, we shall make ourselves  
 ‘ liable to the displeasure of God Al-  
 ‘ mighty; and so, as *Lucian* saith,  
 ‘ *καπνον φευγοντες*, shunning the smoke of  
 ‘ mans anger, we shall fall into the  
 ‘ fire of Gods fury, or as *Job* saith,  
 ‘ *timentes pruinam, opprimemur nive*  
 ‘ that is, as Saint *Gregory* moralizeth  
 ‘ it, by fearing the frost of mans ha-  
 ‘ tred, which we might tread under  
 ‘ our feet, we shall be oppressed and  
 ‘ swallowed up with the snow of Gods  
 ‘ vengeance that falleth down from  
 ‘ heaven upon our heads, and we  
 ‘ cannot avoid it.

‘ And therefore, as Saint *Clemens*  
 ‘ saith, *quæ vobis expedire novimus,*  
 ‘ *tacere non possumus*; we must needs  
 ‘ tell you what we conceive makes for  
 ‘ your happiness; so I humbly be-  
 ‘ seech your Majesty to raise the slain  
 ‘ witnesses, which the cruel beast hath  
 ‘ kill’d,



‘ killd, and to redress in Gods ser-  
‘ vice what the long Parliament did  
‘ amiss, and so God will bless you and  
‘ yours, which is the daily prayer of

*Your Majesty's most Humble,  
Faithful, and most  
Dutiful Subject*

*Gr. Ossory.*

---

*Vid. Dedication to Antichrist Reveald.*

*Grandfire*

An  
To



---

*Grandfire* H-BMD-N's  
G H O S T.

---

A P O E M.

---

**F**ROM dusky Mansions, where misguided  
(Souls  
Are terrify'd with Furies Whips and  
(Howls,  
And where rebellious Pride, without regard  
To Title, meets with a severe Reward ;

D

Where

Where Groans and Shrieks that pierce the frighted  
 (Ear,  
 Are all the dreadful Musick that we hear,  
 And Stings that in the tortur'd Conscience dwell,  
 The only wounding Pleasures that we feel ;  
 Where there's no Prospect to revive the Sight,  
 But glowing *Aetna's* and perpetual Night ;  
 No Fruits or Streams the droughty Taste to cool,  
 But Aloes, Rue, and poys'nous Lakes of Gall ;  
 And where the Nostrils no Refreshment find,  
 But sulph'rous Fumes and Stinks of e'ery kind,  
 From thence am I permitted to return,  
 In these sad Weeds by anxious Spirits worn ;  
 And from the Grave, to take up, by the way,  
 These frightful Remnants of my mould'ring Clay :  
 Behold these ghastly Sockets without Eyes,  
 These Ruins of a Nose that level lies,  
 This falling Jaw, this Alligator's Mouth,  
 With here a rotten Stump, and there a Tooth ;

View

View well these knotty Feet and jointed Paws,  
 Like Dragon's Clutches, or like Eagle's Claws:  
 And see, misguided Tool, so vain and proud,  
 These Bones that rattle underneath my Shroud,  
 To these, when cloath'd long since with Flesh and  
 (Blood,  
 Are all thy strenuous Nerves and Muscles ow'd;  
 For I am he, tho' now disguis'd by Death,  
 Who, under Heaven, gave thy Father Breath,  
 And those Examples left to him, my Son,  
 Which work'd his Ruin, as they'd done my own.  
 Regard my Words, for I'm thy Grandfire's Ghost,  
 Admir'd when Living, now o'ergrown with Rust,  
 Flatter'd by that base Faction who are still  
 Dispos'd to all that's Mischievous and Ill.  
 'Twas I that once was their unhappy Mouth,  
 Imploy'd, by artful Shams, to wrong the Truth,  
 My crafty Speeches rais'd the Good Old Cause,  
 And made the House run counter to the Laws;

I sow'd the fatal Seeds of Discontent,  
 Long since, between the King and Parliament,  
 And was the Tool, to my eternal Shame,  
 That fann'd those Sparks into a raging Flame.  
*Pym, Vane*, and I, with other Heads, destroy'd  
 Wise guiltless *Strafford* and Religious *Laud*;  
 And by our Tongues fomented Factious Jars  
 Into rebellious Feuds and bloody Wars,  
 To please a restless Tribe, who still dissent,  
 For Mammon's sake, from God and Government  
 'Twas by their Flatt'ries I was first misled,  
 And from bad Measures into worse betray'd.  
 As Women once debauch'd are still pursu'd  
 By fresh Admirers, till profoundly lewd,  
 So I, like Boys, when first they learn to swim,  
 With Caution step'd into the murm'ring Stream  
 But still encourag'd by a Factious Clan,  
 Who in the face of Danger led the Van,



At length o'ercame my early Doubts and Fears,  
 And, like my *Comrades*, flounc'd o'er Head and Ears  
 With them, alas! my utmost Forces bent,  
 To strive against the Stream of Government.

Thus the past Mis'ries of those Times begun  
 In groundless Quarrels with the gracious Throne,  
 Which were at first improv'd against the State,  
 By Men, like me, ambitious to be Great,  
 Who forming, by degrees, to gain our Ends,  
 A busy Faction of ourselves and Friends,  
 Disguis'd our ill Designs to gull the Crowd,  
 With that prevailing Cant, *The Publick Good,*  
*The safety of Religion and the Laws,*  
 Those crafty Steps to popular Applause,  
 And fair Pretences, which the Wicked place  
 In Front of all that Villainous and Base,

Till

Till by these Arts our Factious Tribe, at length,  
 Alarm'd our Sov'reign by our threat'ning Strength,  
 And when we'd half unarm'd our bounteous King,  
 By humbly Craving and Petitioning ;  
 Like thankless Rebels we agreed 'twas best,  
 By open Violence to extort the rest.  
 Thus I, among the cruel Herd, alas,  
 Having run on too far to slack my Pace,  
 Was, by my Pride, and hopes of Power, drawn  
 Into that crying Sin Rebellion,  
 A Hag that carries in her frightful Face,  
 Theft, Murder, all that's Infamous and Base ;  
 Yet, I pursu'd her till myself was kill'd,  
 By Wounds that I receiv'd in *Chalgrove-Field*,  
 That fatal Spot where I, the Year before,  
 Oppos'd the Levies of the Sov'reign Pow'r.  
 Thus I, who long inflam'd the Factious Crew,  
 And taught 'em what to say and what to do,

Also

Also, to shew myself a trusty, stanch,  
 And daring Rebel cry'd out, *Root and Branch*,  
 Was, in the height of my Rebellious Pride,  
 By a just Messenger of Death destroy'd,  
 And hurry'd hence, by the Decree of Heav'n,  
 Amidst my Crimes, too great to be forgiven:  
 Nor was my Blood, which in the Field was spilt,  
 An adequate Atonement for my Guilt,  
 But the same Sins were visited upon  
 Thy wretched Father, my unhappy Son,  
 And may be still extended by the Hand  
 Of Heav'n, pursuant to the great Command.

Therefore, O dearest Grandson, am I come,  
 At Midnight, from my sad infernal Home,  
 To admonish thee, in time, to take due Care,  
 By penitential Fasting and by Pray'r,

T'avert

T'avoid those Judgments God intails upon  
 A wicked Third and Fourth Gen'ration;  
 Forsake the Faction that have drawn thee in,  
 Rev'rence the Church, be Loyal to the Queen,  
 Pride not in Whiggish Speeches, to oppose  
 The Throne, and animate thy Country's Foes;  
 Stile not that Treaty *Trifling* that's pursu'd  
 With so much Caution for the Kingdom's good;  
 Thirst not for Blood, nor call a blest Campaign  
 A *Lazy* one, 'cause Thousands are not slain  
 Against the Royal Orders, to support  
 A cruel Faction, noxious to the Court,  
 Slight not the Ministry the Crown has chose,  
 Who've rescu'd *Britain* from her treach'rous Foes;  
 Nor blame the Senate, who have done much more  
 To serve their Country and the Sov'reign Pow'r,  
 In two blest'd Sessions, by their faithful Pains,  
 Than has been done before in sundry Reigns:

There-



Therefore, once more, I charge thee to abjure  
 The angry Faction, false and insecure;  
 From all their crafty Wiles thyself estrange,  
 And *meddle not with those who're giv'n to change:*  
 For if you fail to take this good Advice,  
 And side with your own Country's Enemies,  
 Thou wilt, at length, to all that's base incline,  
 And perish by thy Father's Fate or Mine.

---

E PEACE,

—

M

Mu

Be

---

---

# PEACE,

O R,

# No Peace.

---

A P O E M.

---

**M**UST we to further Mis'ries still be  
(brought,  
By those who long have *England's*  
(ruin sought?

Must the Church, Monarchy, and all good Men  
Be trampil'd down by Traytors, once again?

E 2

And

And must we hug the Curse of War, to please  
 A restless Faction, who are ne'er at ease,  
 Till they've provok'd the just Almighty Hand,  
 To spread Confusion thro' the sinful Land,  
 That, like those Angels who from Heaven fell,  
 The Heathen Whigs may wickedly rebel,  
 And make the Kingdom where they live their Hell,

O how can sacred ~~Law~~ n in Pulpit pray  
 For Peace, yet gravely Vote another way!  
 As if the Holy ~~Sophists~~ meant to shew,  
 That the Lord's House and ~~House~~ of Lords are two.  
 'Tis strange those Pious Fathers should declare  
 Aloud for Discord, Bloodshed, and for War,  
 Who, mounted in God's Dwelling-place, can be  
 Such Advocates for Christian Unity.  
 Well may the People squint two Ways at once,  
 Tutor'd by Guides that wear such double Fronts,

Who



Who bless us in the Church, then change their Notes  
 And curse us in the *Senate* with their Votes:  
 As if they were begot by him of old,  
 Who, in the Fable, blew both Hot and Cold.

And must we fight till we have conquer'd *Spain*?  
 If so, how long must *England* War in vain?  
 Or must we only Battle to restore  
 Worse Enemies at home to Wealth and Pow'r,  
 That they may triumph over Church and Throne,  
 Subvert our *Bulwark-Laws*, make all their own,  
 If that's the good Design, 'tis eas'ly done.

A few Campaigns will let the Nation see,  
 With weeping Eyes, her sad Catastrophe.  
 When grateful — shall as faithful prove  
 To those that rais'd him by their bounteous Love.

As

As at a time of need he did before,  
 When he that nurs'd the Monster fell from Pow'r,  
 O happy Hero, to be rais'd so high,  
 By Party-Petticoat and ~~Barb~~fidy !  
 In such an Age that we may justly say,  
 Is suited to thy Merits every way,  
 When no Mistakes but Honesty and Truth,  
 Need fear the Slanders of a Whiggish Mouth,  
 An Age when Vertue hides her charming Face,  
 And nothing thrives but what is false and base,  
 An Age when Atheists do the Church Command,  
 Where *Abbot's* Ghost does for an *Aaron* stand,  
 And scatters Irreligion thro' the Land,

Fight on, great Conqueror, more Wealth devour,  
 Improve thy Bank till we can raise no more,  
 That beggar'd Thousands may thy Temples crown  
 With Wreaths of Curses for the Feats thou'st done.

Go

Go on and prosper, propagate the War,  
 And make Thyself the Party's *Oliver*,  
 Supplant the Church, the best of Queens dethrone,  
 To raise proud *Zara* and Thyself thereon;  
 There sit to please the Knaves and awe the Fools,  
 And reign like super-annuated Tools,  
 By dint of Revolution-Principles.

Take *Eugene* too to share the Royal State,  
 And rule us by a Whig-Triumvirate;  
 For any new prepos't'rous Government  
 Will please those Saints who from the old dissent.  
 But why should'st thou invite that Champion o'er,  
 Who had eclips'd thy Glories long before,  
 And was the darling Fav'rite of thy Friends,  
 Till thou wert thought more proper for their Ends,  
 Chosen alone because thy late disgust  
 Has made thee fit for none but Whigs to trust;  
 There-

Therefore thou art approv'd before *Eugene*,  
 Not for thy Conduct, but Revenge and Spleen,  
 Which in thy warlike Soul together burn,  
 And qualify thee now to serve their turn.

O that the Whigs could but the Mob incline,  
 To back their Cause and strengthen their Design!  
 Were they prepar'd the Nation to undo,  
 'Tis hard to judge which Gen'ral of the two,  
 In such a glorious Work, would be most proud  
 To wave his Truncheon to a Whiggish Croud.  
 But all their Popish Puppits were in vain,  
 Altho' the Party's good Design was plain,  
 By their Great Hero's coming home that Night,  
 To court the Mob and grace the pretty Sight,  
 Had not the watchful State, before the Day,  
 Took all their Bugbear Images away,

And



And left the Whigs to curse the Pope, and bless  
The matchless happy Reign of old Queen *Bess*.

Oppose the Peace, push on the Curse of War,  
Thou Money-loving, Whiggish Falling-Star,  
That thy warm Votaries may play their parts,  
And plague the Throne by their rebellious Arts,  
Ruffle the Kingdom, fear no Bench or Bar,  
Since they have faithful Friends at *Westminster*;  
But drive the Nail, since not employ'd abroad,  
Boldly at Home, unpunish'd and unaw'd,  
Till thou art call'd to help thy Native Land,  
And head the Whigs to crown the Work in hand,  
Then shall the happy Saints in triumph sing,  
Their Lord Protector's Praise, without a King,  
Make Church and Monarchy their publick Scoff,  
Enjoy the Land and all the Fruits thereof,



Cry down the Good and Just for Popish Knaves,  
 And make all those that wont be Rogues their slaves,  
 For Whigs are Saints, and Saints in Grace abound,  
 And in that Grace they all Dominion found;  
 All Powers that presume to govern them  
 Do but usurp what they have right to claim;  
 Therefore, Rebellion is with them no more  
 Than reassuming what was theirs before.

Thus do the Whigs, those pious Saints, disown  
 All Pow'r Supream, in either Church or Crown,  
 But what themselves set up, and can as well pull  
 (down.

Since for such great and glorious Ends as these,  
 Our Whiggish Patriots do oppose the Peace,  
 That we may waste our Treasure and our Blood,  
 T'enrich a Party 'gainst the Common-Good,  
 When *Anna's* Royal Speech has plainly shown,  
 They contradict the Reason of the Throne,

And

And frustrate the Desires of all but those  
 Who skin their Country, and are most her Foes.  
 How happy shall we be when Cloak and Band  
 Shall rule the *Church*, and who *they* please the *Land*  
 And when the Nation sees, instead of one  
 Good Prince, five-hundred Tyrants in the Throne,  
 Whilst all the rest, by vile Oppression starv'd,  
 Shall groan beneath those burthens they've deserv'd

Since for these Blessings we must still maintain  
 A War, to conquer what we ne'er shall gain,  
 Till, by our Neighbours we're despis'd and scorn'd,  
 And all our Merchants are to Bankrupts turn'd,  
 Our Streets with Beggars fill'd, our Jayls no less,  
 Our Traders Shops with Air and Emptiness,  
 And all expos'd, at last, like wretched Fools,  
 To *Calvin's* Revolution-Principles,

And to such Usage as the Sons of Grace  
 Vouchsafe to give an Antichristian Race;  
 For such all Churchmen would accounted be,  
 Should Whig once more ingross Authority.

Therefore, I say, since these are the design'd  
 Effects of further War, that lurk behind,  
 And some so Rich and infamously Great,  
 Do, for bie-Ends, promote the dang'rous Cheat,  
 May everlasting War, and all its Woes,  
 Curse the whole Tribe that do the Peace oppose,  
 That what each Wretch for their Ambition bears,  
 May be from hence intail'd on them and theirs,  
 That they themselves, and none but they, may feel  
 The smart of War they are avers'd to heal;  
 War which, in Wrath, the God of *Vengeance* pours  
 On proud rebellious Nations, such as ours,

Where

Where Whigs and Atheists curse the fruitful  
 (Ground,  
 And, in Revenge, the Gifts of Heav'n confound.

But as for those good Christians who agree  
 To propagate, Love, Peace, and Unity,  
 And with the best of Queens sincerely join,  
 To carry on so glorious a Design,  
 May Peace, and all her happy Fruits in store,  
 Bless them and theirs till Time shall be no more.

---

*F I N I S.*

---





